[fic] Voiceless.

- Aug. 5th, 2011 at 5:40 AM

Title: Voiceless.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, darkfic, dubcon(?) (warning to be safe), and violence.
Pairings/Characters: Raphael/Gabriel.
Word Count: 1,035 words.
Summary: Raphael catches Gabriel on his way out of Heaven for the first time, and catches him again just after the events of 5x19. (AUed events, obviously)
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. The prompt I used was body alteration / injury, with a focus on making Gabriel mute.
This was also written for **_bluebells**, who wanted me to write her some voiceless!Gabriel/Raphael, so here you are, dear. :)

Raphael stares at his brother, hands shaking in the moment before he makes his decision and reaches out, putting his fingers around Gabriel's throat.

He can't bring himself to tighten his grip. He wants to, and Gabriel's not fighting him, but he can't. He curses his own weakness. As much as he strives to erase the healer from his being, as much as he strives to be a killer instead, cold-blooded murder is still beyond him.

Gabriel's lips lift in a smirk. He opens his mouth.

Raphael tightens his grip, cuts off whatever Gabriel was about to say. An idea occurs to him, and it's perfect.

"You want to leave us, Gabriel?" His voice is low, and he doesn't recognize how *angry* it is. "Abandon Heaven and family and turn your back on God?"

Gabriel's not smirking anymore.

"Go ahead," Raphael says, baring his teeth. "Leave us. I'll let you go."

He may not be able to kill him, and no amount of healing can bring Gabriel back to who he was - to who Raphael needs him to be. Yet Raphael can change himself just enough to be able to do this.

He reaches into Gabriel's Grace as he mirrors the move physically. He tears at skin and Grace alike as he severs and seals Gabriel's Voice.

If Gabriel makes a sound he does not hear it, and then he is done, and stepping back from his mangled brother.

"Go on, then," Raphael says, cleaning his hands. "Abandon us, and who you are. It's what you want, correct?"

He doesn't look up in time to see Gabriel leave, but he can hear the sound of wings, and a bitter chuckle tears out of him. He lets it come, as it is better he laugh than show his tears.

Raphael can't say if he feels relief or not when he appears in the room to see Gabriel coughing as he sits up to pull the blade from his chest. There is still ash on the floor, and the wave of power signalling Gabriel's end is still ringing in Raphael's being.

Gabriel freezes when he spots him standing there, then relaxes and flashes him a peace sign and a smile. The blade clatters to the floor, and Gabriel stands up, brushing himself off.

Raphael curls his fingers. He had come expecting to grieve, perhaps to try to piece his brother back together, but this - this *trickery* - he feels anger. He feels rage, and that is what drives him across the room and to push Gabriel back down into the imprint on the floor. Ash stings his eyes and when he kisses Gabriel it is not out of love.

Gabriel clutches his arms and Raphael can feel how weak he still is, how much his trickery has cost him.

There are lots and lots of things he wants to say to Gabriel, and lots and lots of things he wants to do to Gabriel for making him feel pain like this. He settles for kissing him again, longer this time, long enough for Gabriel touch his lips with his tongue and give a low rumble of approval.

Raphael does not want Gabriel's approval. He growls, low in his throat, and taps Gabriel's forehead, silencing even those sounds.

Even without the capacity to make sound Gabriel is expressive, almost violent in how he conveys his emotions and thoughts, and Raphael feels it when Gabriel hooks his thumbs in Raphael's pants and how Gabriel bites his lips this time. It's both an invite and protest, and Raphael has no intention of stopping.

He grips Gabriel's shoulders and makes their clothes vanish so he can leave the ash wings stretched out next to them undisturbed. It's easier that way, and if it helps him to hold onto grief - grief not for Gabriel, but for who Gabriel *was* - then

it's better that Gabriel cannot speak and cannot point it out to him.

There is one problem.

Gabriel rolls his hips up and Raphael cannot stop his own gasp, his own noise when Gabriel bends his head to Raphael's shoulder and bites, licks, does things to Raphael's vessel that Raphael does not know how to deal with. He takes longer than he should to kiss Gabriel again, and by then Gabriel knows that Raphael isn't in control, not here, not now.

Raphael moans breathlessly and abruptly Gabriel is on top of him, an abuse of power Raphael cannot call him out on, and what does it *mean* that the ash wings spread out on the floor would appear to be his, now?

His control slips further when Gabriel thrusts inside of him with a slick move that feels too good to be normal - Raphael can feel Gabriel further abusing his power by stretching him without fingers and making him ready when he is not - and Raphael utters moans and curses that aren't his words alone.

By the time Gabriel kisses him again, buried deep in him, Raphael has realized that not everything he is saying comes from him. The realization is cold water, but Gabriel keeps moving and he cannot stop it, cannot stop Gabriel from riding the pleasure past his defenses to speak with his voice, to tell him how *good* it is, and how much he's missed him, and that maybe they could work well together, seeing how much they've changed.

"You claim God is dead and then speak with authority you gained from him in the first place," Gabriel says with his voice as he thrusts into him. "Hypocrite, why not condescend to spend time with me, when I have no authority, we've both changed so damned much, you can't begin to judge me for who I am now, not when you are who you are now - "

Raphael roars protest through his climax and his voice laughs after that, and sobs, but Gabriel finishes with a rush of heat and they both moan then.

Gabriel doesn't stay to collapse on Raphael, and he doesn't stay to get caught, instead he slips free and slips off and vanishes, leaving Raphael to lie sweaty and stained in the ash of his dead wings.